

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

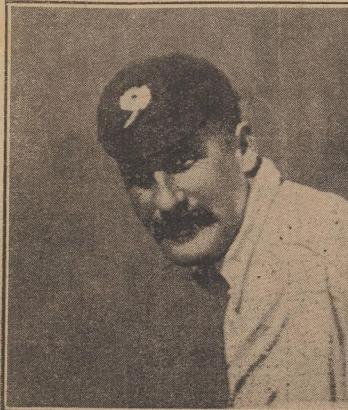
No. 469.

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THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING THE "ASHES."



Lord HAWKE, Yorkshire.



Mr. J. A. DIXON, Notts.

AND THE
DAILY MIRROR'S
IDEAL
TEST MATCH XI



Mr. B. J. T. BOSANQUET,
Middlesex.



Mr. G. L. JESSOP, Gloucestershire.



Mr. P. F. WARNER, Middlesex.



A. A. LILLEY, Warwickshire.



T. HAYWARD, Surrey,
always successful against
Australians.



Messrs. K. S. RANJITSINHJI and C. B. FRY,
Surrey.



G. H. HIRST, York-
shire.



M.C.C. Board of Control choosing Selection Committee.



E. ARNOLD, Worcestershire.



Hon. F. S. JACKSON,
Yorkshire.



W. RHODES, York-
shire.



J. T. TYLDESLEY,
who has played for
many years for Lan-
cashire.

The top left-hand corner contains photographs of Lord Hawke, Mr. J. A. Dixon, and Mr. P. F. Warner, on whom the responsibility lies for selecting the English XI. for the Test matches. Whom will they choose? The *Daily Mirror* expert has selected the above XI. Most of them will be found at Nottingham on May 29.

THE KING RETURNS TO-DAY.

A Quiet Home-Coming Concludes an Historic Tour.

VISIT TO THE SALON.

His Majesty Sees the Pictures and Sits for Photograph.

His Majesty the King returns to-day to the capital of his Empire after what appears likely to prove to have been a Continental tour of historic consequence.

He will leave Paris at a quarter-past eleven, the special train arriving at Calais at 2.50 p.m. Embarking at once upon the new turbine steamer *Ondine*, his Majesty should reach Victoria shortly after six.

Having only arrived at Dover from the Clyde on Sunday, the *Ondine* has been specially fitted up at very short notice. She will leave Dover at eleven this morning for her initial trip across the Channel, and is expected to occupy no more than forty-five minutes. Last night the high wind was abating.

There will be no ceremony at Victoria. The King will spend to-night at Buckingham Palace, and may go to Sandringham for the week-end.

VISIT TO THE SALON.

Evidently in excellent health and spirits, his Majesty gave a sitting to a photographer at the Hotel Bristol yesterday morning, and afterwards drove in a motor-car to the Salon, where he was received by the famous painter, M. Edouard Détaille, representing the Society of French Artists, and an old friend of the King's, and conducted by him round the galleries.

The pictures which received particular attention from his Majesty, says Reuter, were the portraits of M. Loubet and King Carlos, the latter surrounded by his military household, the great panel by Edward Détaille, entitled "La Chevauchée de la Gloire," and "Le Soleil du Soir," by a Spanish painter.

On leaving the Salon King Edward drove to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where he lunched with the Marquis and Marquise de Bretteuil.

The Marquis de Jancourt, at whose house in Paris the King lunched on Tuesday, is married to an Englishwoman, whose father, Mr. Frederick Steiner, created an enormous fortune in connection with the Lancashire calico printing trade.

£100,000 GONE.

More About the London and New York Exchange.

All was quiet yesterday morning at the offices of the London and New York Exchange.

The receiver Mr. F. A. Street, of 30, Moorgate-street, is still grappling with the herculean task of unravelling the tangle left behind by Messrs. D. Drummond and W. H. Butler Scott.

Mr. Street was appointed receiver on April 27 by Mr. Justice Bigham, who made an order restraining Messrs. Drummond and Scott from dealing with the balance then in the Middlesex Bank.

Now the main work going on is the small, but sumptuous, office of the "Exchange" consists in obtaining a list of the names and addresses of the victims, and until these are known and their amount ascertained no correct estimate can be made of the actual amount lost by shareholders. It seems certain, however, that it will be nearer £100,000 than £80,000.

SHOWER OF INKSTANDS.

Strange Scenes of Battle in the Streets of Chicago.

It now appears that one person was killed and forty were injured in the fight which took place in Chicago between the teamster strikers and the negro strike-breakers who have been imported into the city.

The negroes, with hickory clubs and revolvers, responded to the attack of the strikers with desperate fury, and, as the parties waged battle, people in the offices rained down paper-weights, inkstands, etc., on the combatants.

A SHOWER OF ICE.

The fine summer weather experienced at Leicester yesterday was followed in the afternoon by a storm of rain, hail, sleet, and small, rough pieces of ice, which did considerable damage to the fruit orchards.

BOMBS FOR COSSACKS.

Warsaw Populace Vow Vengeance on the Military.

Yesterday being the 11th anniversary of the proclamation of the Polish Constitution, the inhabitants of Warsaw threatened to signalise the occasion by terrible reprisals upon their oppressive rulers.

Fearing public revenge, the military paraded the streets all day, ready to repeat the massacres of May 1 on the slightest provocation.

The unhappy people appeared to be terrorised into a show of submission.

Bombs were freely discussed for throwing at the Cossack regiment responsible for the May Day massacre.

At the Morgue distressing scenes were witnessed as workmen sought to identify the bodies of their women and children who were butchered in the streets.

An unknown man shot and killed a police-sergeant yesterday and escaped.

According to a Reuter message, a Polish patriotic demonstration was yesterday dispersed by Cossacks with the knout.

"GO, WRETCHED WOMAN."

How Countess Linda's Offer To Return to Her Husband Was Spurned.

Pathetic letters that passed between Count and Countess Bonmartini were read at the resumed hearing, at Turin, of the Bonmartini murder charge.

"If you will not agree to a divorce," wrote the Countess in a letter of extraordinary length, "come back to me quickly."

"I aver to you that I will be the same to you while life endures, never speaking to you of my load of misery."

"I shall thus make a sacrifice greater than that of a martyr, without having the martyr's relief and consolation of a speedy death and a happy hereafter."

In the Count's reply occurred the words:—

"Go, wretched woman, wherever you wish, since you complain that you are robbed of what you call love."

AGED LOVERS ALARMED.

Wedding Between Old Couple Frustrated by Villagers' Demonstrations.

Driven to desperation by a crowd of young people, who every night protested by rattling tin pans and other distracting noises their disapproval of his approaching wedding, an old gentleman of Ludgvan, near Penzance, has declined to go on with the affair.

A big crowd who had assembled at the office of the registrar at Penzance waited for hours yesterday for the couple, but in vain.

Later, the lady, who is also well on in years, was observed carrying a basket to the station, but when gossips stopped her and plied her with unwelcome questions, she bridled up with indignation and refused to speak.

HIS RULING PASSION.

Bookworm Who Could Not Resist Temptation To Steal Works of Genius.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—His passion for reading has led Henri Gersaux, a Frenchman, into trouble.

When in hospital some months ago he borrowed "La Dame aux Camélias" from a doctor. But before he had finished reading it he was sent away.

One day he saw outside a Paris bookseller's shop a copy of the novel, and he seized it and fled.

Brought before the magistrate, it transpired that Gersaux had been apprehended scores of times for stealing books.

He has had a romantic career. In 1888 he was released from prison for his bravery in saving from fire two little daughters of the Governor.

During the Franco-German war, when living at Nancy, he helped several French officers held prisoners by the Germans to escape.

ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

Captain Shawe-Taylor's recently-announced engagement to Miss Norman has quite a romance about it.

He met the lady through Mr. and Mrs. Persse, of Woodville House, near Loughrea, where she was staying when the mansion was attacked by moonlighters.

Mr. Persse wired to Captain Shawe-Taylor, who promised to try and settle the dispute, and consequently became acquainted with Miss Norman.

DISSOLUTION

PROSPECTS.

Mrs. Asquith Wants Her Husband To Be Lord Chancellor.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Much interest is taken in Liberal circles in the semi-official reports which have been published recently regarding the personnel of the new Liberal Government when the time comes for it to be formed.

One appointment, however, which has not yet been made public, and which, I have reason to know, is absolutely authentic, will come in the nature of a big surprise to the rank and file of the Liberal Party in the country.

It has been known for some time that, next to the Premiership, Mr. Asquith would have practically any other post in the Administration which he desired, but it has become known that he himself personally prefers the position of Lord Chancellor.

In this view it is understood that he is very strongly supported by Mrs. Asquith, who takes the keenest interest in all that concerns her husband's career and prosperity.

The only other claimant for this post is Sir Robert Reid, the ex-Attorney-General, who, in the ordinary way, would succeed to the Woolpack, but it is expected that in the almost certain event of Mr. Asquith assuming the Chancellorship Sir Robert Reid would go to the Home Office.

Rather a good story is going round the Lobby to-night.

A highly-respected member of the Opposition, who is on intimate terms with Mr. Balfour, was anxious to make his arrangements for the rest of the session.

Meeting the Premier in the Lobby, he whispered: "Would you kindly tell me confidentially, as near as possible, when I may anticipate that the general election will take place?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Balfour, with his usual courteous urbanity, "I am afraid I cannot tell you that, but one thing I can tell you—it cometh like a thief in the night."

Now, to the amusement of many members, the gentleman who secured this answer is asking his friends to solve this latest cryptic utterance of the versatile Premier.

Owing to an adjourn move on the part of the Nationalists, Mr. Corbett was balked of his intention to move to-night that conventional establishments should be subjected to inspection.

LENT AN M.P. SIXPENCE.

Policeman Advances Wealthy Philanthropist Part of His Fare.

An interesting little story of the exultitude of Members of Parliament in matters of business was told in the House of Commons yesterday.

In the course of the afternoon, Mr. Samuel Smith, the wealthy philanthropist, drove up to the House in a hansom.

He had been driven exactly three miles—an eighteenpenny journey.

The member plunged his hands deep into his trouser pocket and produced a handful of florins, shillings, and half-crowns. He picked out a shilling, but he had not a sixpenny bit.

Nor had "cabbie" whose eyes glistened as he looked at the coins and indulged the hope of an extra fee.

But he reckoned without his "fare," for a friendly policeman, on being appealed to, came to the wealthy man's assistance, and lent him the necessary sixpence."

"Cabby's" language is said to have been very unparliamentary as he savagely drove away.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Sir John Barran, first baronet, formerly M.P. for Sudbury, died yesterday after a short illness.

Paderewski's doctors are of opinion, says the "New York Herald," that three or four months' absolute rest will restore him to health.

Mr. Prescott, of Fulham, has informed the Glasgow Town Council that, after the last two discussions, he cannot accept the position of town clerk.

Twelve thousand pounds, says the "Dresdner Rundschau," has been offered by a London firm of jewellers for a necklace of 370 pearls which Countess Montignos (ex-Crown Princess Louis of Saxony) wishes to sell.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable westerly to southerly breezes; fair or fine; less settled later; warmer.

Lightning-up time, 8.25 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate in the south and east; moderate in the west.

THE PARIS

"DAILY MAIL."

An English Newspaper for Travellers Abroad.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The issue each morning of the "Daily Mail" in Paris, simultaneously with its publication in London and Manchester, is about to become an accomplished fact. The need for what may fairly be regarded as an unprecedentedfeat in journalism is necessitated by the increasing demand for the "Daily Mail" abroad.

For many months past preparations on an elaborate scale have been made for telegraphing the contents of the journal to Paris each night by special wires.

Thanks to the combined assistance of M. Bérard, Under Secretary of State for Posts and Telegraphs of the French Republic, and of our Postmaster-General, these telegraphic arrangements between the London and Paris offices of the "Daily Mail" have been completed, and the machinery for the issue of the daily European edition of the paper is rapidly approaching completion.

At the present time the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Mirror," and other English newspapers leave London each morning by the nine o'clock train, and are delivered to readers in Paris between 6 and 7 p.m.

IMMENSE SAVING OF TIME.

By the installation of the "Daily Mail" in Paris a replica of that journal will be on sale there at breakfast time, and in time for the great European express trains to Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Russia.

As printed in Paris, the "Daily Mail" will contain all the news and articles appearing in the paper now supplied from London. The telegraphic service and the main features will be identical in every particular, and such modifications as may be introduced into the Continental edition will be made with the view of appealing to the special interests of those English-speaking people travelling or residing on the Continent of Europe.

The effect of publishing the "Daily Mail" each morning in Paris will be that the Continental edition can be supplied there and in the surrounding neighbourhood, including St. Cloud, St. Germain, Versailles, Chantilly, Fontainebleau, etc., before nine a.m.

It will reach the chief European centres in advance of the London edition as under:—

Neighbourhood of Paris	8 hours earlier.
Brussels	9 hours earlier.
Liege	The preceding evening.
Riviera	9 to 10 hours earlier.
Northern Italy	8 to 9 hours earlier.
Rome	The preceding day.
Naples	7 hours earlier.
Greece	The preceding day.
Palestine	The preceding day.
Madrid	The preceding day.
Barcelona	The preceding day.
Switzerland	The preceding day.
Berlin	2 hours earlier.
Southern Germany	5 to 6 hours earlier.
Gibraltar	The preceding day.
Malta	The preceding day.
Athens	The preceding day.
Constantinople	The preceding day.
Russia	2 to 3 days earlier. ...

For Egypt, Suez, Port Said, and most of the Mediterranean ports, the mail boats will take the "Continental Daily Mail" of at least a day later than that of any paper dispatched from London.

Since the first announcement of this important change the London and Paris offices of the "Daily Mail" have been inundated with requests for further particulars, and especially has this been the case from all parts of the Continent where the keenest interest is evinced in the new departure.

The following is the scale of prices at which the journal will be sold throughout Europe:—

Paris	15 centimes	=	1d.
French Provinces	20 centimes	=	2d.
Austria	20 hellers	=	2d.
Egypt	1 piastre	=	2d.
Germany	20 pfennigs	=	2d.
Holland	25 centimes	=	2d.
Italy	25 centimes	=	2d.
Malta	2 tara	=	2d.
Portugal	50 reis	=	2d.
Spain	25 centimos	=	2d.
Switzerland	25 centimes	=	2d.

All communications should be addressed to the "Daily Mail," 3, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.

AUSTRALIANS' FIRST TRIAL.

English Giants Who Will Play at the Crystal Palace.

W. G. GRACE'S WELCOME.

By F. B. WILSON (last year's Cambridge Captain).

To-day sees the present cricket season open in earnest as, in addition to Surrey playing Essex at the Oval, and Yorkshire playing Somerset, the lions of the season, the Australians, open their tour at the Crystal Palace.

* * *

Dr. W. G. Grace, who is always ready to welcome the Australians in the pavilion, and then make a hundred against them in the field, has made together a very strong combination; and if, as is to be hoped, all the advertised players are able to turn out, the Gentlemen of England should act as a splendid "trial-horse," and make the Australians go all the way to get in front at the finish.

* * *

Besides Dr. Grace, two other players, in the persons of A. C. McLaren and P. F. Warner, who have captained English Test-match sides, are down to play. Dr. Grace has always done comparatively better against the Australians than

opposite D. B. Jardine, and the importance of a great match always seeming to act as a stimulant to him to show how the game should be played.

* * *

McLaren, too, has made a colossal number of runs against the Cornstalks, while P. F. Warner's batting ability is abundantly recognised by all who have come in contact with him. Add to these three D. B. Fry, and it will be immediately recognised that the nucleus of a very powerful batting side is already formed. Some people still cling to the idea that Fry never was, and never will be, at his best against the Australians, and that he is likely to always be a comparative failure against them. It is to be hoped 1905 will dispel this totally erroneous conclusion, which has been much too easily drawn, and much too tardily eradicated.

* * *

Besides these heroes of the orthodox, G. L. Jessop, the famous Gloucestershire cricketer, will be in evidence. His methods, which are the despair of the straight-laced, straight-bat brigade, and yet the delight of all that are lucky enough to see him play a big innings, are sure to be demonstrated at the Crystal Palace, and, with the proverbial "slice of luck," he may change the aspect of this game at a critical moment, as he has so often done before.

* * *

"Leave him in for half an hour and you are never safe" is practically a proverb where Jessop is concerned. The strain which has so unfortunately prevented Jessop bowling fast is likely to be of more consequence this year than ever, owing to the dearth of first-class fast bowlers in England. With his great pace and great keenness, he was always difficult, and on certain wickets positively deadly.

* * *

Beyond these five great "stars," L. O. S. Poidevin, G. W. Beldam, E. Robson, E. H. D. Sewell, and A. E. Lawton have all demonstrated their ability over and over again to make runs against any bowling.

* * *

The bowling of the side is not, unfortunately, quite up to the standard of the batting, although quantity is lacking rather than quality. Brearley, W. W. Odell, and G. W. Beldam are three bowlers who need a lot of watching at the best of times, but if the wicket to-day, as is very probable, is inclined to play "monkey tricks," they are capable of doing a very big performance even against such a "red-hot" batting side as the Australians. Grace, too, generally manages to get wickets against the Australians—"out for obstruction," being a common verdict, while the Doctor is manipulating the sphere.

* * *

Four good bowlers, certainly; but when one looks at the Australian batting side, a little head-scratching is inevitable. What help Bosanquet would be with his googly-googly ones, and especially his "Conjuror's Patent," which comes back from the off, when, by all the rules it ought to break from leg. But the Gentlemen will have to do without him to-morrow, as will Middlesex during the greater part of the year.

* * *

For many reasons it is to be hoped that the wicket will be kind to-day, and all through the game. Our bowling may be a trifle weak on a plumb wicket, but again theirs will be uncontestedly strong on a bad one. At this period of the game, however, if the wicket is at all sodden, there will be no hope of seeing "Cotter the Querry" sparing for an opening at the "umbrella stand."

(Continued on page 14.)

"THE DICTATOR."

Fantastic American Farce at the Comedy Theatre.

A musical farce without music. That is the best description of "The Dictator." A wild, fantastic game of hide-and-seek and uproarious "bluffing." Almost as absurd as the thing it parodies—a South American revolution.

A New Yorker, who has made New York too hot to hold him, finds himself in the thick of Porto Bonyos politics, which mostly consist of knives and revolvers.

Life is made lively for him by the President, who keeps him a prisoner with comic opera gaolers, and a Spanish widow, who makes love with all the fury, but inconvenient, fervour of her ancient race.

However, he wins the hearts of his guards by teaching them poker, and completes their subjugation by an offer to raise their pay from Is. 2d. to Is. 3d. a day if they will side with him against the President.

A wireless telegraph operator (amusingly played by Mr. John Barrymore) helps him, too, and gets a squad of marines upon the scene just in time to assist at the success of his "revolution," and to bring the final curtain down upon an animated stage picture.

Mr. William Collier, who rattles through the chief part, is a favourite in America. He brazenly gets his "bluff" boldly, getting his humour chiefly out of the contrast between his dauntless front and the fear in his heart of what his mad prank may lead to.

His valet, played by Mr. Abeles, is a man frozen with terror. He cannot emulate his master's coolness. It is a kind of James Welch part. The

Spanish widow is Miss Louise Allen (Mrs. Collier). Mr. Harding Davis has certainly written Mr. Collier a capital part, and the company acts up well to him.

"The Dictator" has been running in New York for a year past. In London we shall only see it for a month. Then it will go back to Broadway. Mr. Frohman has just brought it over "as an advertisement."

TO MARCH ON LONDON.

Army Boot Strikers Propose to Invade the War Office.

A novel agitation is on foot among the Army bootmakers of Raunds.

They threaten to seek an adjustment of their grievances by marching from Northampton to the War Office.

A troop of 200 is being organised, and, headed by Councillor Gribble, they contemplate covering the distance by easy stages.

If they fail to get satisfaction at the War Office they talk of going to Windsor, and appealing to the King.

A band will accompany the bootmakers, and the regimental march will be "Britons never shall be slaves."

MOTORPHOBIA.

Questions in Commons Aimed at the Suppression of Furious Driving.

For the present motor-cars are in rather bad odour. In yesterday's Parliamentary Papers were five notices of questions bearing on recent accidents and the driving of motor-cars.

Mr. Lambert asks the Home Secretary if his question has been drawn to the sacrifice of human life at Easter, and suggests that, even for first offences, reckless driving should be punished by imprisonment.

Having regard to the increasing number of accidents arising from excessive speed and reckless driving of motor-cars and cycles, Mr. Channing desires the law to be strengthened to secure its effective enforcement.

KISSES FROM EVERY GIRL.

Hungerford yesterday celebrated its annual Hocktide customs with cheery enthusiasm. Tutti-men, armed with floral staves, kissed all the women they met, and demanded a penny from each male householder. Ale-tasters and other more or less useful officials, were appointed, and hot punch and churchwarden pipes were features at the subsequent luncheon.

John o' Gaunt, centuries ago, gave the borough a wondrous horn as a symbol of its manorial rights, and a defiant blast was duly blown thereon early in the morning.

LUTHER'S CHAIR FOR DR. TORREY.

A South London lady who is a lineal descendant of Martin Luther has presented to Dr. Torrey, for use at the Brixton mission, a chair which has been in her family for generations, and which originally was used for the "Father of the Reformation."

APPLE MYSTERY.

"Seedless" Fruit Proves To Be Full of Pips.

PUZZLED OWNER.

Sections of two rotting apples exhibited yesterday at the shop of Messrs. J. Shearn and Son, Tottenham Court-road, attracted an immense amount of public attention.

They were the two famous seedless, coreless apples, bought at Covent Garden on January 28 for 3s. apiece, and cut in pieces last Tuesday afternoon.

But dissection proved them to possess healthy seeds, and cores larger and harder than those of most apples of their size.

Mr. Sampson Morgan is the writer of many interesting articles on this development of the apple, including a paper published in the "Nineteenth Century."

Therefore the *Daily Mirror* asked him to explain how the pips came there, and to demonstrate the cause of the cores. From Broadstairs Mr. Sampson Morgan telegraphed as follows:—

Expert's Assurance.

"Sample of apple I tested perfectly seedless. Doctor van Fleet, American specialist, admits seedlessness, ditto 'Scientific American' and other American critics."

"In February Shearn informed me he had sold the seedless apples. Those cut yesterday not Spencer seedless apples."

"Armed with this communication, the *Daily Mirror* endeavoured to sell the seeds of a seedless apple to Mr. Garcia, the auctioneer, who originally put the fruit up for sale."

"It is easy to prove they are the same apples," said Mr. Shearn, "for they can easily be compared with the excellent photograph of the fruit published in the *Daily Mirror* at the time I purchased them."

Then he fitted the sections together and produced a book of cuttings, in which our photograph was preserved.

"If they are not Spencer seedless apples, they are the apples I paid 3s. apiece for," said Mr. Shearn finally.

So the mystery how the seeds got into the apples remains unsolved.

DANGER TO THE PUBLIC.

Engine-Driver Said To Be in Drink While in Charge of Train.

"There is, I very much regret to say, very strong evidence that he (Barber, the engine-driver) was at the time suffering from the effects of drink."

With these words, Colonel P. G. von Donon concludes his report on the collision which occurred at Eastbourne Station, the blame for which, he says, must rest with the engine-driver alone.

The train, which came from Hastings, was drawing up in the Eastbourne Station, but was not pulled up in time, and collided with the buffers. Six passengers were slightly injured.

When seen after the accident Barber was in a dazed condition, but he attributed this to shock and to a previous illness.

BAGGY ROYAL TROUSERS.

Technical Shortcomings of Clothing in Royal Academy Pictures.

It is gratifying to learn from "The Tailor and Cutter" that there are plenty of pictures this year at the Royal Academy which are faithful reproductions of the best tailoring.

But, alas! the King's trousers are depicted baggy at the knee, and excessive folds above the foot show they are too long. The Prince of Wales' dress coat has no button-holes, lapel seam, or skirt seam. The Kaiser's collar is too large and too high.

J. S. Philpotts, Esq., M.A., has no buttons on his vest; the veteran Senior Manuel Garcia has no cuffs on his sleeves, and his trousers are a mass of creases and folds; in many cases "impossible" garments are without buttons, seams, flaps, or collars.

But Peter Mackie, Esq., has not a button out of place, and J. W. Phillips, Esq., M.P.'s no-collar S.B. vest is perfect in every detail—except that it has no button-holes.

MR. W. S. GILBERT ON MOTORISTS.

"If the driver of a motor-car did not know the difference between going at twenty and twenty-six miles an hour, he was not justified in being a driver," said Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at the Edgware Court yesterday to a chauffeur who pleaded he was not aware he was travelling at twenty-six miles an hour.

Defendant was fined 40s. and costs.

RELICS OF MR. DAN LENO.

Furniture of the Late King's Jester Sold in His Drawing-Room.

Nobody was in the mood for mirth at the sale of Dan Leno's furniture and effects yesterday.

An irresistible air of sadness pervaded the gathering in Springfield House, Aiken-road, Clapham Park, the residence of the late jester, who provoked more wholesome laughter than any other man of his generation.

The auction took place in the drawing-room. Many of the lots were evidently bought up for other than business purposes. It was pleasant to notice the absence of the dealer element.

The goods offered were for the most part the residue of the household effects, as the heirlooms and more valuable furniture had been taken by Mr. Leno to her new residence in Balham Park.

The auctioneer drew particular attention to a Louis XV. cabinet, which was presented by the late Sir Augustus Harris to "the best of all comedians."

Mr. Gus Elen, the well-known music-hall "star," was present with a party of friends, and made one of two bids.

The lot which attracted the greatest interest, however, was No. 81, described in the catalogue as "the celebrated panorama, entitled 'A Tour Round the World,' with transparencies and mechanical effects, in twenty-five scenes, each measuring 22ft. by 15ft., painted by Mr. Dan Leno."

AFTER 23 YEARS.

Yarmouth Man Confesses To Committing Long-Forgotten Crime.

Long-Forgotten Crime.

After twenty-three years a Yarmouth labourer, named John Appleton, has confessed that he and another man, since dead, killed a youth, William Ledger, at a place called Pity Me, near Durham, in July, 1882.

Appleton's statement to the police was that, having robbed the body, they hid it in a ditch.

So far the police have discovered nothing beyond the fact that there was a murder committed at Pity Me at the date mentioned, and no arrests were made.

The murdered man was well known. On July 3, 1882, he went to Kimblesworth in search of work, and, not being successful, left that place at 3 p.m. to proceed to another colliery, and was never afterwards seen alive.

Appleton, the self-accused prisoner, who was yesterday committed for trial, is about fifty years of age and of very respectable appearance. For the past few years he has lived at Yarmouth.

BOTTLE OF MYSTERY.

Lincoln Recovers from a Bad Scare About Its Water Supply.

Lincoln is recovering from a fright about the city's water supply.

Mr. Henry Smith, a candidate for the council, condemned the water before the guardians, and produced a bottle filled with what was alleged to be water drawn from near the corporation intake. He asserted he had proof it contained typhoid bacilli.

The chairman of the Health Committee now states that the sample was not Lincoln water at all. It was prepared and incubated in London, and contained a gelatine inoculation from a typhoid patient.

It appeared that the sample was brought to Lincoln by a commercial traveller, who showed it to a tradesman.

How Mr. Smith got hold of the remarkable story is a mystery.

DWARF'S ROMANCE.

"Daisy Curtis" Would Like To Marry Him, but Breaks Appointment.

Sing Mann Hoo, the Burmese dwarf, who is now appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, is the central figure of a curious little romance.

He received from a young lady, signing herself "Daisy Curtis," a letter expressing admiration, and even suggesting marriage.

In reply he wrote proposing to meet her in the A.B.C. depot in Wellington-street, but, although he waited for some considerable time, his lady friend, who should have had a red carnation in her dress, did not arrive.

Sing, who speaks excellent English, told the *Daily Mirror* that he did not intend to give up hope.

"I shall write," he said, "and ask her to meet me at the same place on Friday."

"I am sure the fault of her not arriving to-day is not hers. No lady could be so unkind."

Charles Greaves, a member of an old-established family of City stockbrokers, was yesterday at the Old Bailey sentenced to five months' imprisonment in the second division for misappropriating clients' money.

MAN WHO DOES THE HOUSEWORK.

Paid 2s. 6d. a Week To Dress Children and Cook.

TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

What the far-seeing student of woman's progress—of the development of the gentle creature who wants to make her own way in the busy workaday world—has long apprehended has happened at last.

For several years that student has suffered irony and jeers and stubborn incredulity when he prophesied that the woman would go out to work whilst the man stopped at home to mind the house, wash the children, and knit the socks.

To-day the student has his revenge. He will be able to say, "I told you so," in tones of triumph, if not of positive derision.

His foresight and wisdom have been justified at Blackburn.

True, the justification took place in the police court, but that gives it an air of authority, intensified by the fact that the case was heard before no less a personage than the mayor of the town.

Into the box yesterday walked a woman, who said her name was Lightburn, and that her avocation was that of a nurse.

She wanted an order for maintenance against her husband, but explained that he occupied a peculiar position in the home.

Chastised the Boy.

She had, she admitted as calmly as if she were announcing a very common fact, "kept him" at home for six years to do her housework, and had rewarded his domestic diligence by the magnificent sum of 2s. 6d. per week.

The Mayor (to the husband): Do you really do the cooking?

Husband: Yes, sir.

The Mayor: And bake the bread?

Husband: Yes, sir.

The Mayor: And dress the children?

Husband: Yes, sir. I got a black eye last week for chastising the eldest boy.

The Bench made an order against the man-houswife in favour of the nurse-wife of 2s. 6d. a week.

What effect this will have on the strange domestic relations of the couple remains to be seen.

Possibly if the husband gives his wife a properly-cooked course of dinners and saves her from all worry on account of the dear children, she may not press the full claim sanctioned by the letter of the law.

The opinions of Marie Corelli on the case would not be without interest.

SEARCHING FOR "COPY."

Woman Artist Says She Stole in Order to Write an Article on Prisons.

A novel plea in reply to a charge of stealing a pair of shoes was advanced by Kate Harris, aged forty-four, who is described as a lady artist, living at 70, Longridge-road, Kensington, and who appeared at the West London Police Court yesterday.

She visited a boot shop in High-street, Notting Hill, and when she left a pair of shoes were found upon her.

The police state that she seemed to be mentally weak, and said she took the goods because she wanted to get into the police cells in order to write a newspaper article as to their alleged insanitary condition.

A remand was ordered so that the woman's relatives might be communicated with.

HALVING A JUDGE.

High Court To Decide Whether He Can Be in Two Places at Once.

Unless Judge Stonor, who has two County Courts, Brompton and Westminster, can claim to be able to preside over them both at once he is not entitled to have two deputies at once.

This remarkable argument will be propounded to the judges in the High Court by a litigant who was non-suited recently by Judge Stonor's deputy in the Brompton Court, and who is now appealing.

It has long been the custom for one of the courts to be presided over by deputy when Judge Stonor was at the other, but the appellant will point out that on the day his case was heard the Judge was not in either court.

"MASK" MURDER TRIAL

Alfred and Albert Stratton, the two men against whom a true bill was yesterday returned in connection with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow in a shop at Deptford, will be tried at the Old Bailey to-morrow.

The case is expected to last two days.

EARL'S JEWELS VANISH.

Strange Story of Valuable Gems and a Four-wheeled Cab.

The Earl of Chesterfield has just been the victim of a serious jewel robbery, which still lacks elucidation.

His lordship reached Paddington from his Herefordshire country residence—Holme Lacy—on Tuesday, and amongst those with him was his valet, who had charge of a brown leather dressing-case containing much valuable jewellery, most of which was the property of the counts.

Whilst his lordship drove to Claridge's Hotel, Dibbs, the valet, proceeded in a cab to his master's town house in Grosvenor-square. He took the leather case with him.

The man alighted, and was in the house only a few minutes. On his return the case had disappeared.

The cabman says he saw no one go near the vehicle, and is quite unable to give any explanation of the mystery.

Scotland Yard were at once communicated with, but as yet their inquiries have proved fruitless.

The police value the missing goods at £200.

DEAD MAN'S SECRET.

Twice Wrongly Identified by Women as a Missing Husband.

Twice has the body of a man found in the River Lea at Clapton been "identified," and twice have the identifications proved erroneous.

In each case a woman recognised the dead man as her husband. Both being mistaken, the name of the man is still a mystery, though his death has been registered in two different names already.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burrough, of Manor-park, Willesden, apologised to the Hackney coroner yesterday for having supposed deceased was her husband, who had just returned home after wandering about the country.

The Coroner: But you identified the tobacco-box and spectacles.

Witness: Yes; I could have sworn they were his.

The coroner having asked whether she wished to congratulate or pitied, the wife replied: "It has been a great shock to me."

On a previous occasion, the coroner informed the jury, a Mrs. Smith, of Clerkenwell, identified the body as that of her husband, and shortly afterwards learned her spouse was living with his brother at Fulham.

SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA,



Whose Academy picture, "The Finding of Moses," is reported to have realised £14,000.—(London Stereoscopic Co.)

COINERS' CANINE GUARD.

When the police, under Detective-Inspector Nicholls, raided a coining-den at Plaistow they met with strong opposition.

Three dogs were set upon them, but the officers managed to ward them off.

In connection with affair Joseph Phillips, at the Old Bailey yesterday, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and his wife to twelve months' hard labour.

£133,000 SEARCHLIGHT.

Sentence of three years' penal servitude was passed out to Arthur Eddy, a well-connected young chemist, at the Old Bailey yesterday.

It will be remembered that he obtained £1,000 from various people on the false pretence that he had sold a patent searchlight to the Government for £133,000.

AGREEMENT TO DIE.

Couple Seek Death on the Eve of Holiday.

FATAL SECRET.

A double tragedy discovered yesterday at Blackpool overshadows all the minor local casualties of Easteride, unhappily very numerous this year.

In a field on the southern outskirts of the town, dead from bullet wounds, and with a revolver near them, were found Robert Rushton Shaw, twenty-eight, and his wife Elizabeth, an exceedingly pretty woman of twenty-five.

They were married in Philadelphia about five years ago, and have two young children—a pretty little boy of four and a baby twelve months old. From his father Mr. Shaw had inherited sufficient property to keep him without work.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had taken berths on a Liverpool liner leaving yesterday for America, stating that they would stay six weeks with the wife's mother at Philadelphia.

On Monday night they were both apparently in the best of spirits, and looking forward to an enjoyable holiday in America.

Only a fortnight ago the husband heard of an incident in his wife's life before marriage which had greatly distressed him. He was deeply in love with her, and late on Tuesday night, at his mother's house, he kissed her and said, "I forgive you everything."

Afraid, however, that something tragic would happen, the mother sent a man to watch them, and it was who gave information to the police.

Both victims had been shot in the mouth. Their heads were placed together, the woman having carefully run her fingers through hers.

The revolver, which is proved to have missed fire several times, was bought on Tuesday from a South Shore tradesman, to whom Shaw said he was about to leave for America on the Majestic.

PARTED PARTNERS.

Husband Who Exacted Money by Threats with a Revolver.

Wives predominated among the forty-three petitioners who yesterday asked the President of the Divorce Division and Mr. Justice Deane to release them from their matrimonial ties.

A case that caused a great deal of sympathy was that of Mrs. Maude Le Clare Fowle, who charged her husband, Captain H. W. Fowle, who holds a commission in the Militia, with ill-treating her and intriguing with another woman.

She said that the captain dragged her across her room, and that after he deserted her she had to support herself and her children by carrying on a tea shop in the City.

Mrs. Fowle was granted a decree.

Another pitiable story of ill-use was that of Mrs. Alice Harriet Stewart, who declared that her husband had "put her into a box." When she married him she had £1,500, she said, but he obtained possession of this money by repeatedly threatening her with a revolver. She also obtained a decree.

VICTIM OF DELUSIONS.

Man Who Had To Have His Head "Isolated" in Hot Weather.

Strange delusions seized the brain of William H. Faber, a baker, residing at 33, Nevill-road, Stoke Newington.

He was found by a constable in Dalston-lane on Thursday night, complaining that hundreds of racing sharps and scoundrels were following him. He also imagined that people took him for a Scotland-yard detective, because of the Scottish cap he was wearing.

The officer took the demented man to the station, and he was afterwards admitted to the infirmary as insane, where he died of syncope following mania.

Ellen Faber, his widow, told Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, yesterday, that her husband suffered from iritis, and on hot days he had to have his head "isolated."

He formerly had three shops, but gave them up in order to pay his debts.

BOY NEAR DEATH THROUGH SMOKING.

Startling results have followed the smoking of cigarettees after a poor breakfast by a Shrewsbury working lad of fourteen. He swallowed much of the smoke in order to escape detection, and soon after entering the workshop became quite cold and lost the use of his limbs. Pneumonia and pericarditis have set in, and there is little hope of his recovery.

DOG AS WITNESS.

Wags Its Tail Impartially When Called Prince and Noble.

A dog was the subject of a knotty point which Judge Roberts, who sat for the first time in the Windsor County Court yesterday, had to decide.

Mr. John Clarke, a greengrocer, of Salt Hill, said the collie was his, and claimed the dog or damages for its retention. Mr. Alfred Ernest Vince, accountant, of Slough, who contested this claim, was sure that the animal was his property.

Mr. Clarke said he had had the dog in his possession for seventeen months, and then lost it. He then saw Mr. Vince with it, but the following day the collie returned. Mr. Vince, however, claimed and took it away.

Here are the two versions:

Mr. CLARKE. Mr. VINCE.
Dog had mark on nose, Mark on dog's nose,
mark on dog's nose, caused in a fight. Dog's
mark on dog's nose, name was Prince.

The rival statements were tested in court, but not with very definite results.

The dog came bounding forward in answer to the name "Nobie," but it was equally effusive and responsive when called Prince.

Ultimately the Judge gave the verdict in favour of Mr. Clarke.

WATCHING A BURGLAR.

"Sleeping" Man's Cool Observation of the Pillaging of His Safe.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when John Max, landlord of the Weavers' Arms, Valentine-road, Mile End, was roused from his slumbers.

He saw a man creep from under his bed, crawl across the floor, take keys from his (Max's) clothing, open the safe, and help himself to jewellery and money.

The landlord pretended to be asleep, but when the intruder was nearer the door he leaped out of bed and floored the thief.

In connection with this informal visit a young Russian Jew named Samuel Shenpin was committed for trial.

When arrested he said he did not know Max was a Jew.

"Would you have robbed me just the same if I had been a Christian?" asked Max. "Of course," was the Russian's laconic reply.

LOVER'S JEALOUSY.

Attempts To Kill His Sweetheart Because He Loved Her Too Well.

"I intended to murder the girl, and I throw myself on the mercy of the Court."

Such was the plea of Francis Charles Joyce, drover, indicted yesterday at the Old Bailey for the attempted murder of his sweetheart, Mabel Martin, at Bayham-street, Camden Town.

Joyce went to the girl's house, cut her throat, and then, rushing out, threw himself under a railway van, escaping without injury.

During the hearing the man became very excited. "I did the thing in a fit of passion," he cried: "I loved the girl, and I didn't want anyone else to have her."

After some discussion Joyce withdrew his plea, complaining that a Mrs. Adams had persuaded the girl not to marry him.

When Mrs. Adams appeared Joyce shouted to the Bar: "Don't you look at her, gentlemen. She's boss-eyed, and she'll bring you bad luck!"

After this and other witnesses had been examined amid great interruption, the man was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

IMAGINARY CRIME.

The confession of murder made at Bow-street last week by John Belger, a porter, living in Bason-street, Lambeth, was disposed of yesterday as purely imaginary.

Belger had said he pushed a woman, named Clara Cassey, a professional dancer, into a ditch at Stoke-on-Trent last August, jumped on her, and left her for dead.

THOUGHT POLICE WERE SENSITIVE.

When a bag that had been snatched from the hand of Mrs. Griffiths in Kingsland-road was returned to her yesterday in the North London Police Court, the magistrate asked her to see if the contents were safe.

Mrs. Griffiths tearfully said she could not do that, as it would look like casting a doubt on the police.

With the lady's permission a constable opened the bag, and Mrs. Griffiths said the contents were all right.

"TRIAL AT BAR."

Medieval Device To Try a Very Modern Case.

COPIOUS NORMAN-FRENCH.

"Petition of Right," "Trial at Bar."

These phrases are not copied out of a dry chapter of a history book. They are phrases that were in everybody's mouths in the "Lord Chief Justice's" Court yesterday, when a picturesque revival of a medieval ceremony was enacted.

The lawyers had a real "Trial at Bar," a luxury now indulged in only about once in a decade. The last trial at Bar was when Colonel Lynch was arraigned for high treason.

There was no prisoner yesterday, but the deficiency was made up by the number and size of the legal jones brought into court by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., who played leading parts in the quaint proceedings.

Unfortunately the ushers had forgotten to stretch across the court the pink ribbon which is usually a concomitant of "trials at Bar." This omission did not lead to any bad results, for there was no desire on the part of the junior Bar to trespass, a design that the ribbon is intended to check.

To make up for the absence of pink ribbon, the three Judges, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Wills, and Mr. Justice Kennedy, wore robes that were especially pink and medieval-looking.

Not Very Attractive "Plot."

The plot of the revival was as follows:—The West Rand Central Gold Mines' Company—it seemed regrettable that a more medieval name could not have been chosen—had presented a "Petition of Right" to his Majesty the King. The final words in the document were: "Let this petition be endorsed by your Majesty's fiat. 'Let right be done.'"

But before this touching demand had reached his Majesty the great Law Officers of the Crown had intervened with a "demurser." They objected to "right being done" in the particular way desired by the company.

Yet the request of the company seemed to be modest enough. It had had the misfortune just before the outbreak of the South African war to see a store of its gold seized by one Hugo, a Transvaal burgher, at Vereeniging. This gold had been commandeered while lying in Johannesburg bank.

Could not the British Government, which had taken over the Boers' liabilities, make good this gold? asked the petitioner in correct, lengthy and medieval phraseology.

For the whole of the day Mr. Attorney, Mr. Solicitor, and Lord Robert Cecil read case law from their books. Lord Robert Cecil was most medieval, for he quoted a great deal of what appeared to be Norman-French.

The revival was still in progress when the Court adjourned.

DUCAL EXPLORER.

His Grace of Orleans Sails for the Arctic Ocean on Saturday.

Commander: Captain Gerlache.
Doctor: M. Récamier.
Naturalist: M. G. G. G. G.
Taizement: The Duke of Orleans.

Thus is constituted the much-talked-of expedition to the Arctic in the *Belgica*, which the Duke of Orleans has organised, and which starts next Saturday.

The Duke and Duchess are now in town making preparations for the Duke's departure. The vessel will be fitted out in Norway.

It is the Duke's hope to find traces of the long-lost Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition.

Under Captain Gerlache, the *Belgica* carried the Belgian Antarctic Expedition of 1897-99. In 1901 she took part in the Ziegler Expedition.

She is 110 feet long and 28 wide, and draws 15 feet of water.

During two years spent in her in the neighbourhood of Grahamland, in the Antarctic, Captain Gerlache made some interesting discoveries, but was chiefly engaged in sounding and dredging.

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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Near Luton, Bedfordshire, a wheat crop is already a foot and a half high in spite of the recent severe weather.

Lord Ellesmere has caused two old colliery shafts near the Vicarage, Worsley, Lancashire, to be covered in. He has fenced the site and planted it with trees and shrubs.

Attracted by the cries of three children who were playing near a pool of water at Longton, a man found they were pushing the dead body of a baby to and from the bank as if it were a toy.

Eccles (Lancashire) refuse destructor has, during the first nine months of its existence, consumed 7,442 tons of refuse, at a cost of £361. Neither coal nor breeze is used in working the destructor.

Musical bands have largely increased in number in Northumberland and Durham. To-day there is scarcely a village centre of moderate size without a local band able to acquit itself creditably in the world of music.

Another test for sobriety has been found at Hudersfield. A farmer was taken to the police station and there judged to be drunk because he was unable to count the money (£31 5s. 1d.) he had in his possession when requested to do so.

In a farmyard at Stradbrooke, Suffolk, there is a stack of wheat with a remarkable history. It was built in 1873, when the owner made a vow that he would never thresh it until it realised 25s. a sack—a price which he has never had offered.

For converting to his own use 298 hymn-books which had been entrusted to him to sell at the Albert Hall during the Torrey-Alexander mission, William Charles Duncan was sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday.

TORPEDO DESTROYER RUNS ASHORE DURING MANOEUVRES.

The British torpedo destroyer, *Syren*, which ran ashore at Bere Island, Co. Cork, while travelling at twenty-five knots an hour. The small portrait is that of Commander Sydney Oliver, commanding officer of the *Syren*.—(Photographs by Cribb and Russell.)

During a funeral at Crediton, Devon, someone entered the church and rifled an almsbox.

On one of the abutments of Hammersmith Bridge there is now growing a small gooseberry bush.

Lord Kitchener's prize for the best all-round infantry battalion in the Dependency last year has been awarded, to the 1st Battalion (The Queen's) Royal West Surrey Regiment, stationed at Stalock, Punjab.

Spurred protest has been entered by the Leicestershire Retail Grocers' Association against the action of the local education committee in allowing members of the Leicester Co-operative Society to attend a course of lectures at half the fees charged to general ratepayers.

It is understood that Mr. John Campbell, M.P., has given notice of a question to the Home Secretary on the subject of the increase of three-and-a-half years' penal servitude passed by the Recorder of Leeds on a prisoner who recently threw a bottle at him in court.

Scarborough Corporation permit two troupes of piers to give entertainments on the South Sands in the summer. Yesterday both stands were let by tender for £370 to Mr. Catlin, of Leicester. The total revenue from the stands for stalls, etc., last year exceeded £1,000.

Permission sought by a Middlesex firm of contractors to erect cheap dwelling-houses of corrugated iron, with fireproof asbestos linings and fireproof floors, in the Burley-in-Wharfedale district, has been refused by the urban council. Such buildings, it was said, could only be tolerated on the moors.

Leeds Parish Church can boast that it is the only church in this country which has sent out from the ranks of its clergy five men who are at present Bishops in England. They are the Bishops of Truro, Chester, Southwark, Gloucester, and Stepney.

Eight hundred and forty tramps were relieved within the last fortnight at Loughborough (Leicestershire) Workhouse.

Pleading guilty to affixing certain false trade descriptions to bottles of port, Thomas Brough Cameron, a City wine merchant, was bound over at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Constructed of mahogany and spruce, the first motor-boat in Lincoln was launched in Brayford Mere, its movements exciting great interest. It was engined and finished by a local firm.

Sweeps in working garb are barred from riding on the new electric trams at Northampton. Several attempts to board the cars have all been successfully repulsed by the conductors.

Fourteen hundred emigrants, bound for the United States and Canada, landed at the Hull docks on one day this week. They were principally from Finland, Sweden, and Norway.

Seven lives, at different times, have been saved by a Hull boy named John L. Elston, although he is only fifteen years of age. A tablet has been unveiled in the school he attends to commemorate his heroism.

So well lighted are the streets of Leeds that the owners of horses contend that there is no need for drivers of vehicles to be compelled to carry lamps after sunset. A deputation waited upon the City Council yesterday to give point to this view.

CAREER IN THE BALANCE.

Famous Violinist's Future Endangered by Razor Cut.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

Seldom has any man experienced more agonising suspense than was endured recently by Herr Huberman, the celebrated Polish violinist. With every prospect of a great and prosperous career before him, he was suddenly, by a slight accident, within an ace of never playing again. For some days he was face to face with a prospect which for a man who has already known the triumphs of a successful musician was terrible. He thought he might have to abandon the violin and sink into a life of poverty and obscurity.

Our photographs on page 8 show the nature of his accident. He was stripping his razor preparatory to shaving himself before going to play at a concert in Nice, when the end of the strop came unfastened, and the razor gashed his left hand just below the thumb.

DAYS OF SUSPENSE.

A doctor was at once summoned, the wound dressed, and the hand encased in plaster of Paris. But for days Herr Huberman feared that the tendons of his hand were injured, and that he would never again be able to play. That meant, of course, a ruined career—an awful prospect for any man, but for one who was hailed as a genius when he was but twelve years old, and for ten years had known the delights of success, particularly terrible.

The delight of the young artist when, the plaster of Paris being removed, it was found that his hand was not so seriously injured as the doctors feared may be imagined. He came from France to London, and as all music lovers know played at a concert here in a style which showed he had lost none of his old skill. To the *Daily Mirror* he expressed his deep thankfulness at having escaped the fate that to him at one time seemed inevitable.

TURKISH TOBACCO FROM RHODESIA.

From Rhodesia there has just been received by the British South Africa Company a consignment of Turkish tobacco grown this season near Bulawayo. Photographs of the plantation and the leaves appear on page H.

Fifty acres of the highest quality Turkish tobacco were planted there last November, and this consignment is the first-fruits.

Samples of tobacco and cigarettes are on view at 2, London Wall-buildings, and, considering that the tobacco was actually growing only a few weeks ago, the cigarettes are exceedingly good.

They have the true Turkish aroma, and experts say the tobacco is the best grown out of Turkey.

The success of the experiment will, it is hoped, prove a nail in the coffin of the great tobacco combines.

CALICO MADE BY HAND.

An interesting survival of the methods of times long since gone by is shown in a photograph on page II. In the Yorkshire village of Haworth, where the Brontës lived, there is an old man who makes his living by hand weaving. Timothy Feather is eighty-two years of age, and has been a weaver ever since he could stand. He spins machine-made stuffs, and laughs as he triumphantly tells how the material he weaves sells for 7d. a yard—a far higher price than that paid for stuffs from the power loom. In spite of his age the hand-weaver is still capable of producing five yards of calico a day.

WOMAN WHO LIVES IN A BOX.

On page 8 will be found a photograph of a woman who for two years has lived in a box at the foot of the Derbyshire Hills. Alice Grace was ejected from her home by bailiffs, and sooner than go to the workhouse she has adopted this strange way of living. An attempt has recently been made to compel her to abandon her open-air life and go into the workhouse, but the "hermit of Coxbridge," the name by which she is generally known in the district, has resisted all the efforts of the authorities. But she has now shifted her boxes from their former resting place into an old stone quarry.

* * * The Overseas "Daily Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother Country.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1905

IS IT ANOTHER PIN-PRICK?

We should be sorry to think the "capture" of another English steamer by the Russians in Far Eastern waters means a renewal of the policy of anti-British pin-pricks which the Tsar's fleet pursued last summer.

Several times the Russian campaign against our shipping led to awkward situations. At one period it seemed as though the object was to provoke us to take action in defence of our rights and interests. Only by strong protests was a stop put to the seizures of vessels pursuing a peaceful trade.

We must not judge the case of the Planet Venus before we know all the facts. It may be that she carries contraband for Japan. If so, the Russians have good reason for stopping and arresting her. Ships which engage in the dangerous traffic of supplying combatants in war-time must take the risk of capture.

If, on the other hand, this Leyland liner should show a clean bill of lading, then we trust Lord Lansdowne will again invite the Russian Government to instruct their naval commanders to be very careful about stopping neutrals.

A word in time may save a great many words, and possibly blows, later on.

MORE SYMPATHY WANTED.

It is a curious coincidence that, just when a play was being produced which pleads for sympathetic treatment of wrong-doers, an impassioned attack upon the "heartlessness" of our prison system should have been made by a prisoner in one of our criminal courts.

The author of "Leah Kleschna" and the man in the dock, who complained so bitterly of "punishment actuated by the spirit of revenge," are entirely at one. And, no doubt, they have a great deal of reason for their outcry. Many habitual criminals might have been turned into honest, useful men and women if only they had been dealt with in a kindly and merciful manner when they first came into contact with the arm of the law.

The difficulty is such a complicated social system as ours of taking prisoners in hand individually is very great. Furthermore, if kind treatment fails in a single case, there is an instant outcry, even though it may have succeeded in many others.

Prisoners certainly ought to be classified more than they are. Attempts ought to be made, in every case to appeal to the reason and the heart of young offenders. A harsh, mechanical system is certain to harden instead of improving them. We want another John Howard to make our penal methods more humane.

AWKWARD POSSESSIONS.

Another jewel robbery has been added to the already long list of the past year or so. A case belonging to Lord Chesterfield was stolen from a cab between Paddington Station and an hotel. Once more the people who have no jewels to worry about have reason to congratulate themselves.

Property of this kind is much more trouble than it is worth. Jewels can be worn very seldom, and even when they are being worn their owner cannot feel secure about them. Put away in their cases, they are a constant source of anxiety and apprehension.

A journey with anyone who carries about a valuable collection of gems and gold ornaments is a perfect nightmare. They can never settle down comfortably. They are haunted by the fear that their precious burden may be spirited away at any moment. They are harassed, nervous, suspicious.

It would be quite as pleasant to have a companion who was compelled to carry about a loaded bomb.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In the sense of religion we all are warriors or slaves.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY King Edward leaves Paris to return to the Herculean labours of another London season. His stay in Paris, especially the last two days of it, has been a very pleasant one. He confessed, however, to most of his French friends that he was regretful of the old days when, as Prince of Wales, he could walk about like a Parisian, only discreetly observed. Nowadays he is a King, and people cannot resist following a King about. So it happens that during this last visit his pleasure has been seriously diminished by impudent admiration.

It is amazing that people never seem to realise that celebrities have feelings and hate being unmercifully stared at. I remember seeing the late Mr. Gladstone once strolling along Garrick-street. He was followed by a large but respectful crowd. When he stopped to look in at a shop window the crowd stopped, too. Some of the starees gazed into his face to see what impression the objects in the window might be making on him. He crossed the street; the crowd crossed it, too.

was personally acquainted with every actor in England. He was amably given to "tipping," too. When he came from Yorkshire to London he always made the engine-driver a handsome present, and the porters and guards were exultant whenever he announced his intention of travelling. On the attendant who showed him to his box at the theatre or opera he would shower gold.

* * *

Dr. Richter must surely be the most modest of musicians. Quite a remarkable scene was witnessed at the conclusion of "Die Walküre" at Covent Garden. The audience for ten minutes made frantic efforts to bring the great conductor before the curtain. After the principals had bowed acknowledgments some half a dozen times the audience still shouted for Richter, and applauded and cheered to the echo in the hope of drawing him. But in vain. The management lowered the lights, and people went away unsatisfied.

* * *

Everybody in the House of Commons hopes that the Speaker will soon be well enough to bring his place again, and to calm, with his business-like calls to order, the turbulence of unruly members. It is wonderful to see how completely Mr. Gully

THE ALIEN'S ALIENATED FRIEND.



"Vot? Anozzer Bill to keep me away?
Ach! Dot's all right. Mein freund,
Sir Campbell-Bannerman, he vill
shtamp upon it again!"

"Potzblitz! Donnerwetter! Tausend
Teufel! Sir Campbell-Bannerman gife
me the gold shoulder! He is a pig-dog,
no friend." (Smashes picture.)

[The Liberal leader having withdrawn his opposition to the Aliens Bill, its rapid passage is now assured.]

Finally, when someone touched his overcoat to see what sort of stuff it was made of, the poor old gentleman hailed a cab and drove away in despair.

* * *

Whenever the social season begins in London, the rebuilding, pulling down, and street-excavation season is certain to begin too. This year it promises to be unusually brilliant. Half Piccadilly is already a kind of dust-heap. The Strand has long resembled the Roman Forum, and every day one expects some important and crowded thoroughfare to be given over to the British workmen and their bonfires, and his red handkerchiefs. Many well-known society people are having their houses either knocked down or entirely redecorated. Amongst them Lady Londesborough, whom everyone expected at Aling on House, where her husband bought last year, is still excluded by the painters.

* * *

Probably Lord Londesborough is insisting that the house shall be magnificently prepared for his wife's first season in it. In Yorkshire they live with considerable ceremony. Lord Londesborough bears the quaint title of Hereditary Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire Coast, and when he spends Christmas at his house near Scarborough a great ship, made all of sugar, is sent on to the table, to be looked at if not to be eaten. This is also a boat's head, and wine and wassail in abundance.

* * *

The late Lord Londesborough, who died in 1900, was a very remarkable man. He was, like many of his class, a little stage-struck, and used often to be seen, talking to prominent players, at the Garrick Club. He used to boast, indeed, that he

had gained the sympathy of the House. When he was appointed he was almost unknown. Mr. Balfour had never heard of him; he was not a man of many casual acquaintances. Now he must find it difficult to remember the names of all his friends. At the wedding of his daughter a few years ago everybody of note in the whole political world was present.

* * *

To Mr. Gully success certainly came late in life. For years he toiled obscurely at the Bar, where so many hopes have been decently buried and so many ambitions have died lingering deaths. At one time, as the story goes, he thought of emigrating, and confided his plan to two similarly situated, impetuous companions. The first of these was to become Lord Chancellor, as Lord Herschell; the second Lord Chief Justice, as Lord Russell; and Mr. Gully himself is Speaker of the House of Commons. To remember that story is to convince oneself that Time is the Father of proclivities.

* * *

With "You Never Can Tell" in the afternoon and "John Bull's Other Island" in the evening there is quite a Bernard Shaw festival at the Court Theatre this month. Either play is a certain recipe for a couple of hours' merriment. The acting in each case is excellent. Mr. Louis Calvert the Waiter in "You Never Can Tell" and Miss Sybil Fairbrother as the amusing little girl both put with delightful humour. As one sits and listens to the continuous merriment, it is more of a mystery than ever why no manager ever put this piece on for a regular run.

* * *

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THANKS FOR BETTER WEATHER.

I think your article on the "Myth of May" must have had an effect on the weather. To-day, though still windy, cloudy, and cold, is a decided improvement on yesterday's tempestuous rainstorms.

I notice that nearly always, when you write articles deplored bad weather, the next morning is much finer.

PAUL CLIFTON.

Merivale-mansions, W., May 3.

[We have noticed it, too. That is why we do it.—ED., D.M.]

MARRIAGE AND MOTOR CARS.

Your correspondent's letter written from Bedford-square is right in one particular. The view it expresses is certainly "old-fashioned."

He has evidently been asleep and lost sight of the fact that this is a progressive age, and that class prejudice is gradually being obliterated. Given their due opportunities, a large percentage of the less favoured classes—those in the classes which your correspondent appears to despise—will doubtless put themselves on a level with the class to which your correspondent belongs. A. C. P. Cannon-street, E.C.

STAGE ENGLISH.

Why cannot actors and actresses say, "my child," or "my sword" like other people?

I notice they almost always say "me child," and "me sword." Mr. Pett Ridge, in his Cockney dialect stories, writes this pronunciation, "me child," but "me" gets nearer to it, I think. "Me" is pronounced "mee."

Surely all our leading players cannot be Cockneys.

NEW ZEALANDER.

Hotel Russell, W.C.

MARY JANE AS A WIFE.

"Country Vicar" overlooks one important advantage a poor man finds in marrying a girl who has been in business or has a trade to follow. Should he fall out of work, his wife can at a pinch earn money to help the home along.

Domestic servants could not do this. No one will have married servants if they can help it.

TOWN CURATE.

MUST BOYS STILL FIGHT?

In "Schoolmaster's" article the impression is given that games at schools have made flogging with birch and cane ancient history and unnecessary.

Modern surroundings, oversize sports, and common-sense text-books have made school life wonderfully different from what it was even forty years ago, as I knew it at Winchester, but those who guide present things at the great public schools are well aware that the birch-rod is often an "all wholesome" for great, growing boys as fresh air and sports. A sound whipping is often both useful and humbling.

DISCE AUT CEDI.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Miss Lena Ashwell.

HER praise is on the lips of everyone who has seen that stirring melodrama, "Leah Kleschna," written specially for her, it is said, by its American author.

She plays the girl burglar, who is shown the hatefulness of her crimes—forced upon her by an unscrupulous father—by a sympathetic Frenchman, and she gets all the effect possible out of this curious part.

In the burglary scene, when the Frenchman surprises her in his house, she is alternately defiant and afraid, until at last she breaks down and sobs her heart out at seeing herself as she really is.

In the scene with her father, when she tells him she will no longer be either daughter or accomplice to him, she touched a higher note of passion. Her method is a quiet one, but she stirs the heart. Her white, sad face and monotonous but curiously fascinating voice reveal to us the woman's very soul.

Another phase of her art is shown by her furious loathing for the wretched creature, Raoul, who seeks her ruin; and yet another by her sweet submission to the will of the man who has awakened her soul, and who at last makes her his wife.

Long has Miss Ashwell been recognised as a fine emotional actress, but never has she had a better chance to make good her claims to the foremost place among actresses of this type. The general verdict is that she has proved it to the full.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 3.—The splendour of triumphant youth fills the garden. No sign of decay is to be seen anywhere. Even in the wood unrolling fern-fronds and the deepening blue of the bluebells have hidden last year's dead leaves.

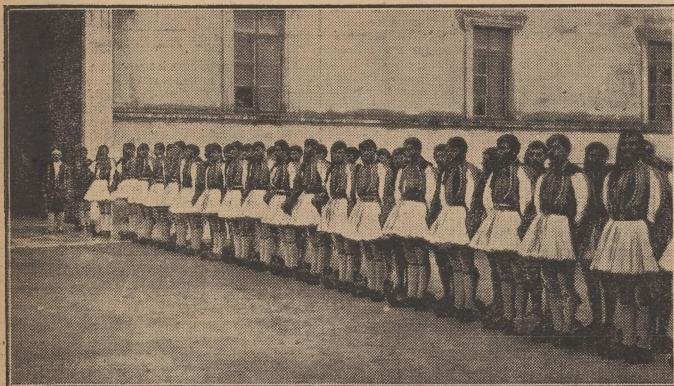
Christmas roses are densely covered with young green, while the crocus-blossoms still look cheerful. When the old foliage was removed from the ivy, its fresh verdant growth begins to brighten wall and border again.

The dark garden ways are now flooded with the nightingales' song. Long after the "witching time" they sing. The quaint notes of the cuckoo grow more familiar every day. "The sun, the sun?" is the longing cry of bird and flower.

E. F. T.

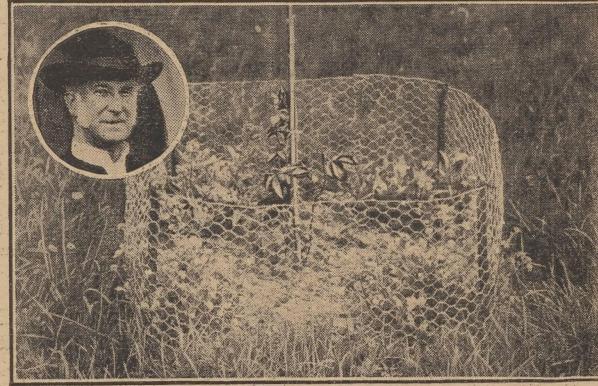
ALL THE NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

GREEK SOLDIERS GUARDING OUR QUEEN.



These quaintly dressed soldiers, with their short kilts and clumsily shaped shoes, are at present helping to guard Queen Alexandra in Athens.

LIVING MONUMENTS TO GREAT ENGLISHMEN.



The Rev. F. Clyde-Harvey, whose portrait appears above, has planted slips from trees growing by the graves of General Gordon at Khartoum and Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppo Hills in the churchyard at Hailsham, Sussex.

LIVES IN A BOX.



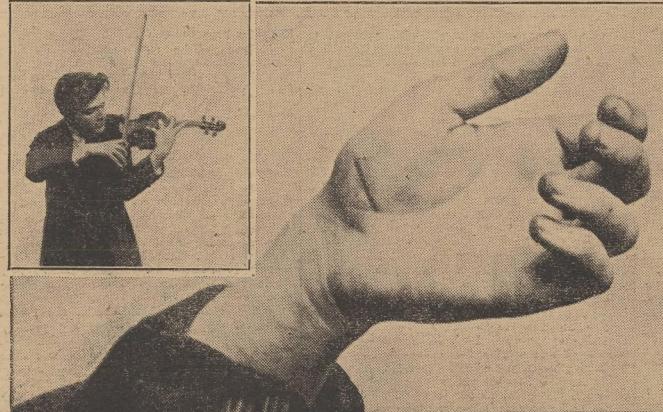
Alice Grace, who is known as the "hermit of Coxburgh," lives and sleeps in this box at the foot of the Derbyshire hills. An attempt is being made to get her to go to the workhouse, but she strongly objects.

NOTABLE ACADEMY PICTURE PAINTED BY MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.



That celebrated painter of horses, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, is exhibiting this characteristic example of her work in this year's Academy. It is called "Mixed Company at a Race Meeting."

CUT THAT ENDANGERED A CONTRACT WORTH £10,000.



While shaving himself, Herr Huberman, the celebrated violinist, cut his left hand. It was at first thought the hand would have been permanently disabled, which would have meant the end of the artist's career and the immediate loss of £10,000, the value of the engagements for which Herr Huberman is booked. Fortunately, the hand has been saved uninjured. Our photographs show the violinist using his hand for a very high note and the effect of the cut.

TELEPHONE FOR POLICE



A policeman at this Finsbury Park telephone can be rung up when wanted.

CRICKET HISTORY PAST & PRESENT IN PHOTOGRAPHS

FAMOUS AMATEUR.



Mr. R. E. Foster ("Tip"), who made 287 for England v. Australia—a record for Test matches.

SOMERSET'S CAPTAIN.



Mr. S. M. J. Woods, captain of Somerset, in a characteristic attitude.

FAMOUS CAPTAIN.

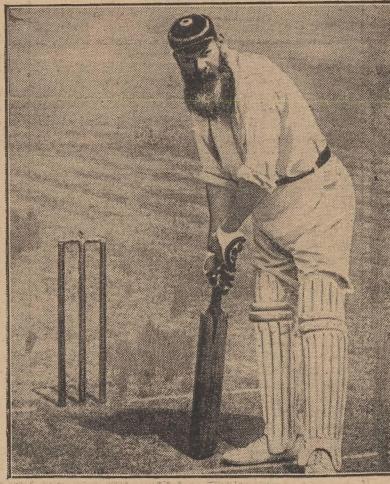


Mr. A. C. MacLaren, captain of the Lancashire team, which won the county championship last year.

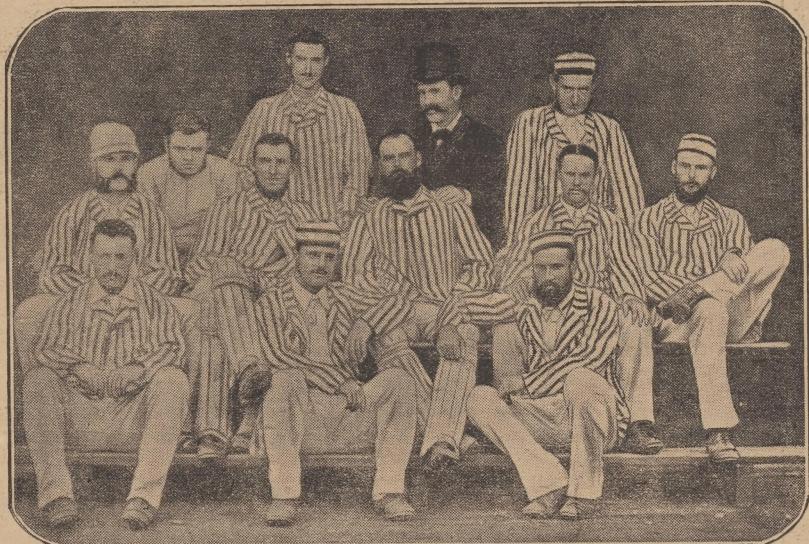
TWO GRAND OLD MEN OF CRICKET.



Mr. W. L. Murdoch, a former captain of Australia, made 211 for Australia v. England in 1884. Mr. W. G. Grace has seven times taken 100 wickets and made 1,000 runs in first-class cricket in a season, a wonderful record.



FIRST AUSTRALIAN XI. TO VISIT ENGLAND IN 1878.



Reading from left to right, the names are: (back row) Spofforth, Conway, Allan; (middle row) Bailey, Horan, Garrett, Gregory, A. Bannerman, Boyle; (front row) C. Bannerman, Murdoch, Blackham.

LAST AUSTRALIAN TEAM LEAVING THE FIELD IN 1902.



A striking photograph of the players leaving the field after the final Test match in 1902. In the foreground are G. H. Hirst and H. Trumble.

NOTTS' CAPTAIN.



Mr. A. O. Jones, the popular captain of Notts County, who will play at Lord's to-day.

BOTH BOWLS AND BATS.



J. Gunn, of Notts, made 1,000 runs and took 100 wickets last year.

"GOOD ALL ROUND."



J. Hallows, who materially helped Lancashire to win the championship last year.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin," and "A Coward's Marriage."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money-lord and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, through the fact is kept secret, his victory is regarded as certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power a Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband is keeping a broad. She is in love with Merrick, and he with her, and Vogel hopes to force her to use her power with her lover to prevent King Daffodil from winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is training King Daffodil, is also in love with Merrick. A splendid horsewoman, she has ridden in the secret trials which have proved King Daffodil's certain victory. Marvis believes that Merrick is in love with Lyndal, and so does Lyndal herself.

Merrick and Dolores are now just setting off for a day's expedition from Vogel's house, where they are both guests.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Dolores was only playing a part, seeking and taking Merrick's love that she might use it as a weapon against him, a sword with which to slay his honour. She remembered what she had for the moment forgotten—that she was a grass widow! An adventuress! She sickened at the thought of the hideous, vulgar word, at the sordid part she played in the sordid melodrama Vogel had arranged—for his benefit.

The temptation came—as the temptation to do right comes to all women occasionally—to confess everything to Merrick—even her love as well as her weakness and sins—and to throw herself on his mercy.

Under cover of her big hat she studied his face, as they drove rapidly along the pretty country lane, hedged with green trees and sweet flowers.

It was very stern, and she realised for the first time that it possessed great strength in spite of its boyish expression and youthfulness. And something that was a near relation to fear came to her, warning her more clearly than ever how near to loving him she was.

What would he say if she confessed everything? What would he do?

There were only two things he could say or do. If his love was love, and no boyish fancy or passing passion, there was but one thing! He would send Vogel to him whose name his horse bore, he would ride King Daffodil to victory—and make her wife!

A peculiar thrill went through Dolores's body, a thrill that caused a charming blush to run from the tips of her toes to the top of her head, a blush Merrick was unlucky not to see.

His wife?

What would he say to the husband? She knew instinctively; she could read men well enough to know that, though Arthur Merrick was a type she had never met before, he was, nevertheless, the type that would say:—

"You must divorce him; it is only right. If that is impossible, we must wait; and though we grow old in the waiting, and our youth leaves us, love will always remain." And if waiting were not necessary, if death or the law freed her, then he would marry her immediately.

She wondered how much money he would win over King Daffodil.

Dolores St. Merton was not a mercenary woman any more than she was a bad woman; she was merely wise.

Love in a cottage is ideal—for lovers. But not for husbands and wives, mothers, fathers—and children. Lovers who build cottages always forget the nursery—it is criminally selfish of them.

No, King Daffodil would have to win very large sum of money; Dolores wondered if Merrick could manage that. Her credit was slight, and her cash lighter—and The Devil had long ears.

"You are very silent," Merrick said presently. "I suppose I have depressed you, I and my wretched affairs. The day that promised so well has commenced badly."

He flicked his whip in the air viciously, and the chestnuts made an attempt at bolting.

"Our day will end in the ditch if you're not careful," Dolores smiled. "No," she continued seriously, "I am silent partly because I am very happy and partly because I have been thinking.

You know it's a great strain on a woman's intellect to think."

"Not on yours."

"Do you think I'm intellectual?" "I am sure of it; that is why you are so fascinating; it is the brains behind the beauty. I always think a beautiful woman who is without brains is like a rose without perfume."

They had reached the brow of a hill now, and a valley lay at their feet, a valley of green fields and orchards and a thread of silver gleaming in the sunlight—the river.

Merrick pulled the horses up and looked at the picture.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"Lovely."

"That's our farm—where we lunch—that long, low cottage with the thatched roof; those fields beside it would make rather a nice paddock. Could you live in a cottage, Dolores?"

The question was sharp, sudden, nervous. It was as if he asked it on an inspiration, fearing her answer. It was as if he had read her thoughts of a few minutes ago.

"I should love to live in a cottage," she replied. "I'm very fond of the country, though I see so little of it. Why do you ask?"

"I shall never be a rich man, I'm afraid."

"If I loved you that would make no difference to me. I like money, of course, only idiots or liars say they don't like it. I like money because of what it gives me and the power it brings of also giving and enjoying. I would never marry a poor man."

Arthur Merrick started. She noticed it, but remained silent. The horses were fidgeting at the delay, and he moved them forward again along the road that led to the valley.

"Haven't you just contradicted yourself?" he said after a while. He spoke rather bitterly.

"I don't think so. I said I could never marry a poor man—unless, of course, it was rich myself. But I didn't say I couldn't love one. You see, love comes from another world, and so it knows nothing of the necessities of this."

"And money is a necessity, much money I mean, before you would marry?"

"Enough money. How much, depends on the man and—myself; only enough to live decently and happily; only enough to provide against the ills that flesh is heir to; only enough—" She stopped and looked away.

"Go on," he said, and there was no doubt of the bitter sarcasm in his voice now.

"I don't think I need give you any more reason; you disapprove of them so much."

"Oh, I'd like to hear the lot," he replied.

"Women's reasons are always interesting."

He had given the horses their heads, and they were dashing down the hill at a dangerous pace. Dolores still kept her face hidden; she was dreaming now, forgetting reality—and Vogel and Horace Hilary.

"If you wish it," she said, in a voice so low that Merrick could only just hear what she said. "I was going to add—only enough to insure the happiness, health, and well-being in the world of those little lives that love creates."

For some seconds the horses continued their wild career; Merrick's face was flushed. Gradually he drew rein, then, turning impulsively, he stooped down and kissed Dolores.

She did not resent his action; she did not speak or move; perhaps her eyes expressed something, not sorrow or anger; but Arthur Merrick was sitting straight on the box-seat again staring ahead with the horses' ears.

No word was spoken until the farm was reached and Mrs. Rich hustled out to meet her guests.

CHAPTER VI.

"I've brought my rod, but I don't think I'll fish," Merrick said; "the grass is long, and is sure to be wet, and you won't like clambering over rocks and tree-trunks."

"I'm not afraid," Dolores laughed. "I'm wearing a short skirt."

"And silly little shoes," Merrick cried.

"Waist will take off, oh, interfering man! I'm not afraid of wet; in fact, I'd love to wander through damp meadows with bare feet; I'm really fond of it. Cockney."

"I never supposed you were. Come along, then; I'll see if I can lure a trout with a fly; if I do we'll eat him for lunch. I don't suppose you're hungry yet?"

"Not yet; but I warn you I shall be."

Both Merrick and Dolores were a little afraid of the silence, so they talked volubly.

That sudden kiss had made them both feel absurdly shy of one another. It had in some vague, mystic way changed them, and changed the appearance of things.

Dolores knew that she could no longer trifle with fate, with Merrick's fate—nor with her own feelings. She knew that before another day passed she would have to finally decide on her course of action.

When she had promised Vogel she did not realise that she loved.

Of course the right way would be to confess everything—Vogel, the plot and the husband—and send him away with heart, faith and spirit broken.

And the wrong way?

There were two wrong ways, she realised suddenly, and either of these might hurt him less, hurt her less.

She could confess part, confess the husband and the debts—confess Vogel up to a certain point—but not the plot. That would mean King Daffodil's defeat, money enough to eventually marry and avoid Vogel's displeasure.

Or she could confess nothing.

A whole day in which to decide—and already the sun was high in the sky.

She loved him, and he her!

Enough to bear a whole-hearted confession?

She watched him putting the rod together by the side of the stream. She heard the song of the birds, mating and building their nests; the breeze brought the scent of mother earth and her flowers.

And Dolores' heart replied:

"Yes—Yes—Yes!"

"Do you know that you are standing in a pool of water?" Merrick cried, turning round and staring at Dolores with mock disapproval.

"Already those silly little shoes are ruined!"

"Oh, dear! am I," she laughed, clutching her skirts. "Only one foot—look!"

"Take it off—the shoe, I mean."

"I suppose I must; we'll hang it up in the sun to dry."

"And you'll have to sit in the cottage whilst I fish."

She looked at him scornfully, and then wandered into the meadow, where the buttercups and daisies grew in the long grass.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she said, stooping down. "Go on putting your tackle together."

"Very well," he said; but he watched her.

When she looked up she held a pair of shoes in one hand, and a pair of black silk stockings in the other.

"Isn't it lovely," she cried.

"Beautiful," he echoed, looking down on the grass where the buttercups kissed a pair of small pink feet. "Give me your stockings; I'll carry them."

She shook her head, but he took them away and stuffed them into his pocket; into the breast-pocket of his coat.

And then their eyes met, and again he bent towards her. But this time she divined his intention and drew back quickly.

"No," she whispered. "Not again—not until I have told you—something."

CHAPTER VII.

"Surely you haven't a confession to make," Merrick laughed.

The sun, the river, and the wind swept away doubts, fears, and disjoined moods; Faith conquered Reason, and Arthur Merrick cast care aside, and, shutting his eyes to the future, looked only on the present—Dolores!

"Yes, I have; a terrible confession. Oh, I'm not joking, though I speak lightly, but one can't be serious with the buttercups and daisies kissing one's bare feet. I shan't be serious until after lunch. No, I'll put it off until after tea; twilight will help me. Now—she took off her hat and hung it on the branch of a tree—"now, I'm going to enjoy life."

Merrick had finished putting his rod together; he laid it on the ground, and, coming to her side, he tried to take her hands, but she would not let him.

"You must fish," she said.

"And you?"

"I shall run about the fields and pick flowers and paddle in the shallows—and think I'm fifteen again!"

"What a strange woman you are," he said slowly. "You have so many sides to your character."

"Perhaps I have no character, only moods," she laughed. "I've warned you once, I shan't warn you again!"

"I'm not afraid! The more moods you show me the more I shall love you."

"Hush! That's a forbidden subject—to-day."

He shook his head. "Until twilight? But it's no use forbidding me to think of love or to try to prevent my telling you that I love you, to-day. Don't you feel it everywhere? Don't you feel it surrounding you?"

"Feel what?" she asked with attempted frivolity.

"Love! Listen, just listen, and you'll hear as well as feel it."

She was silent—she listened.

There was only the faint, soft sighing of the wind among the young leaves of the trees; there was only the rippling song of the river as it raced over boulders or droned softly among reeds; there was only the lazy hum of a bee, the twittering of birds. But each single sound joined in an harmonious chorus, a pean in praise of life new-born.

And somehow Life seemed merely the Christian name of Love.

Dolores did feel it. She felt as if a spell had been cast over her, and she was afraid to break it, afraid to intrude her human note into the song Nature sang.

Merrick looked at her, and again he put out his hand, and this time she did not prevent him from taking hers. And so, in several seconds, they stood side by side, hand in hand, like two children, ankle-deep in the flower-scented meadow, the personification of an Usenian Power.

The breeze caressed Dolores' hair as the daisies at her feet; a big black and gold butterfly hovered close to her face; a lark sprang from the grass a few yards away, and rose with his song straight up towards the blue sky.

(To be continued.)

CREDIT.

In these competitive days personal appearance counts for success or failure. Every young man should therefore carefully consider this proposition, viz.—

We offer a dandy made-to-order suit which will give that smart personal appearance desired by you, and it will be admired also by your friends. It will be one of those well-made suits which give that extra touch of distinction. It will be made of good and wisely-selected cloths, and lined with pleasing material, and fit perfectly. Every detail is carefully considered to that good tailoring can devise.

The 34/- EASY TERMS. Suit will be fashionable, proper style, and cost little—only 34/- Orders by post receive prompt and careful attention. Our cash discount is 2/- in the £. We send self-measurement forms and book of fashions with each lot of patterns.

Say whether you want dark or light patterns when you write.

MEN'S BOOTS.

These are good black boots, leather lined, kid legs, and consisting of one complete pattern. They are good as a boat as the Es. lines of most makers, but will cost you only 10s. 9d. Easy terms. Write for and particularly mention boot catalogues, and we will send self-measurement form, and for cash orders we allow 2s. in the £ discount.

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ESTABLISHED 1890.

FIRST TURKISH TOBACCO GROWN IN A BRITISH COLONY.



A successful experiment in Rhodesia. Growing Turkish tobacco near Bulawayo.



There are very few places in the world where Turkish tobacco can be successfully cultivated. A plantation was started near Bulawayo last November, and this shows the leaves being strung.



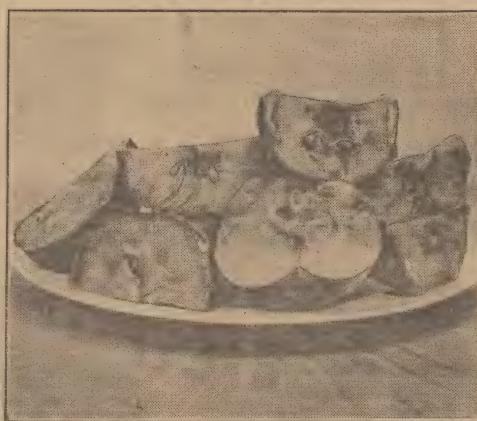
The leaves as they reached England a few days ago. They are said to be the best ever grown out of Turkey.—(See page 6.)

WEAVING CALICO BY HAND.



Timothy Feather, a Yorkshireman, eighty-two years of age, who lives in Haworth, earns his living by weaving calico by hand. The material realises 7½d. per yard.

"SEEDLESS" APPLE MYSTERY.



These apples, exhibited for some weeks in London as two of the famous "seedless" apples of America, were recently cut open and found to contain seeds.—(See page 4.)

WHAT "THE SEASON" MEANS TO ME.

By One Who Cannot Do Without It If He Would.

The season has really begun at last. It began yesterday. The sun performed the opening ceremony.

Without the sun all London days are indistinguishable, grey, monotonous. Autumn, winter, and spring then blend into a general dullness. When I think of "the season" I immediately think of Piccadilly with all the sun-blinds out over the shops and a golden light upon everything; men in straw hats strolling along, looking cool and free from care; women in frothing underskirts, not afraid to let them touch the ground.

The season is not the season at all without the sun. It needs his warm rays to set the society butterflies about their flutterings.

Yesterday the butterflies thronged the sunny streets and the sunny Park. As I watched them, feeling a little middle-aged, yet contented to see them, on the whole more, I caught myself wondering why the London season always acts magnetically upon me, drawing me from Sicilian strands, or from the quiet country, to mingle in the roar and bustle of life.

I always think that every season is to be my last. Yet it turns out, when it arrives and finds me in the midst of it, to be only my next.

A fortnight ago I was contentedly fishing in Scotland. I had no thought of coming to town before the end of June, when a nephew's marriage will demand my presence. Yet somehow I felt the season in my blood. I had visions of meeting old, familiar faces in Pall Mall;

of the Opera on a Melba—no, I fear, not a Melba night now, say, on a Tannhauser night; of Bond-street on a bright morning; of the Park at five in the afternoon; of the dinner-hour, when carriages and cabs fit about in the blue dusk, depositing gaily-capsarisoned guests.

And the end of it was that I packed up, and engaged my old rooms, and here I am.

The fact is, indeed, that the season is like a drug—once tasted, it must be taken again and again. Sometimes the doses must be increased; sometimes they kill. I know people who have died of the season.

THE SMELL OF THE SEASON.

Women especially cannot do without it; fear it, and yet adore it. You remember Du Maurier's two typical young women in "Punch"? They are coming from the country to spend the spring in London. Their uncle is at the station to meet them.

You see these amazingly energetic young people getting out of the train into the hideous din of the enormous station. Their uncle offers to embrace them, but they put him off with evasive gestures, while one of them exclaims, sniffing the sultry air: "Stop, uncle, let me breathe. It simply smells of the season."

Women, as everybody who happens to be married knows well enough, are ten times as energetic as men. Therefore society exhausts them less easily. They and society fight it out between them, and they do not always fall. At any rate, the war is waged for many crowded years before they die.

It is therefore to women that I go when I want the attraction of the season, which I feel so deeply myself, explained to me. I asked one of them to explain it to me last year when we sat in a Grosvenor-place balcony, both utterly worn out, on a hot July night, at the end of a crowded dance. She was a woman of an interesting age, a little

passée, admitting, as Lady Windermere did, to thirty when there were pink shades on the candles.

She was Balzac's "woman of thirty," anxious to deaden the noise which time makes as it passes, and very nearly succeeding, with the help of all the fashionable distractions of the day.

I brought her the fifth ice she had eaten that evening, and we sat looking over the dark gardens of Buckingham Palace, with the roar of traffic, made curiously soothed by distance, in our ears, and before our eyes the mysterious, motionless trees.

This woman told me that she had been to the theatre three times that week; to the opera and to dinners on the other evenings; at parties or dances till late every night; to "at-homes," horrible, crushed functions, nearly every afternoon; to Ascot, and Henley, and everywhere else. She was completely done up.

NO TIME FOR ANYTHING.

She "had had no time for anything," she said. Yet she had seen everything—the French plays, Duse, Caruso, Calvé. All the marionettes had danced for her, and all the clowns had made her laugh. It had all been a mixture of monotony and excitement, as it had been every year before, since the year she had "come out," some fifteen seasons back.

She was exhausted by it, but she recognised that it was inevitable, and, unlike myself, she had no illusions about liking Italy or the country better than London. She knew that the following year it would inevitably be gone through all over again.

"Why do you do it?" she asked in some amazement. "Why, what else is there to do?"

It was a new point of view to me. But it seems to be the one that most people unconsciously take. Many of them do not even feel the attraction of the season as I do. They just take it as a matter of course.

After all, what else is there to do?

A SIGN OF CIVILISATION.

Our ancient British ancestors, like other uncivilised races, did not attach that importance to personal cleanliness that we do. We all recollect the stories we heard in our school-days of the manner in which the ancient Britons stained themselves with paint; but in those far-off days they did not indulge in the luxury of soap, and certainly took no pride in their natural complexion. Various things have in the past been used for cleansing the skin—clay, sand, wood ashes, tree bark, and all sorts of other methods have been tried, but with the evolution of civilisation came the discovery of soap.

THE NEED FOR SOAP.

Why is it necessary to use soap at all? Why cannot the skin be cleansed by the use of water alone? If the impurities on the skin were merely mechanical and consisted of nothing but dust, then evidently this could be rinsed off with water; but it has to be remembered that the skin itself secretes an oil which combines with the dust and dirt which is always floating about, and so makes a sort of paste over the skin. Everyone knows that water will not dissolve fat, and hence it is necessary to have something that will do this. The chemical elements contained in soap combine with the oil of the skin and form a lather which can be washed off with water, and the impurities are thus removed.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RIGHT SOAP.

The varieties of soap are simply innumerable, but they differ very greatly in their value. Some contain so much free alkali, that is to say, so much uncombined soda, that when applied to the skin they rob it of its natural oil, and instead of rendering it soft and silky they make it hard, dry, and ugly. Other soaps, too, contain free fat, and, consequently, instead of cleansing the skin thoroughly and leaving it fresh and free from all impurity, they form a coating over it and even stop up the pores. Such soaps cannot possibly keep the skin clear, healthy, and beautiful, but actually do mischief, and hinder the work that the skin has to do. It is obvious, therefore, that everyone who cares for their appearance, and for both the health of their skin and the health of their body, should endeavour to discover first, what is the best soap, and next, to systematically use it.

WHAT SOAP OUGHT TO DO.

In the previous paragraph we have shown what soap ought not to do, and we will now proceed to explain what it should do, and we wish to make plain what are the first requirements of a perfect soap. A perfect soap is one that not only removes impurities from the skin, but also keeps the pores open and clear, so that the skin fulfils its duties properly. If the pores are kept clear and open they will allow the perspiration and natural oil to pass out through them, and the work of the skin as a breathing organ will then be thoroughly performed. That is what soap ought to do, and there is a soap which fulfils these requirements. Its name is "Antexema Soap." It is not scented with strong perfume, to disguise the odour of bad material, but "Antexema Soap" possesses the refreshing fragrance and influence of the pine forest, and it should invariably be used for bath, toilet, and the nursery. It is a genuine luxury to wash with "Antexema Soap." It contains no free alkali or excess of fat, but it purifies the skin, makes the flesh firm and healthy, and gives the glow of health.

WHAT SOAP DO YOU USE?

This is a most important question for everyone who values their health and appearance, and we invite you to think it over for a moment. Why use an inferior soap when you can have such a beautiful and scientific preparation as "Antexema Soap," which enables those who possess a beautiful complexion to preserve its beauty, and those who are less fortunate in this way to greatly improve their appearance? If you want a velvety skin do not put preparations with the idea of improving its texture, but take off the dead skin and let the new, perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty. In other words, "Always use 'Antexema Soap,' the soap that beautifies."

WHAT "ANTEXEMA SOAP" DOES.

It makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. The best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. It will add a new pleasure to the bath and double its refreshing power. When any infectious disease prevails its antiseptic properties are of the greatest value, and it should be used to avoid risk of infection.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP" IN SKIN TROUBLES.

As already explained in these columns, the first step to the cure of any skin trouble is the use of "Antexema," but "Antexema Soap" should be used at the same time. After a cure has been effected the use of "Antexema Soap" should be continued, as it will do much to prevent recurrence of the trouble.

USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

"Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 9d., or 6d. per tablet will be sent post free for 8d., or three tablets by post for 1s. 6d. by "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. "Antexema Soap" forms a part of the complete "Antexema" treatment for skin troubles, supplied by all Chemists and Stores for 2s. 9d., or direct from "Antexema" same price.

